

# THE BRAKES OF FATE---By A. G. Greenwood

"SANCTUARY COURT," she said to the taxicab driver as she stepped in. She put her little green leather jewel case down on the floor before her and stared at it as the man let in the clutch. It had stood so, with its golden initials, "L. S.," on the day Tristram and she drove away from her old home to start their honeymoon.

As she had done then she did now, lifted her left hand and stared at her wedding ring, only there was neither pride nor joy now in her eyes.

Slowly she drew the ring off—dull now, no longer the shining thing it had been. She glanced at the names and date engraved within it: "Leonie—Tristram, 1910."

Only once as the cab threaded its way through the maze of traffic at Piccadilly Circus did she look out. Above the portico of the Galaxy, in letters of illuminated colored glass, blazed "The Meteor," by Tristram Symes.

The usual first-night crowd was already thronging the entrance of the great theatre—playwrights, critics, actors, artists, judges, leaders of smart society.

The box reserved for the author's wife would remain empty. The author's wife had ceased to exist.

At Sanctuary Court she stood up, flicked the ring into a corner of the cab, hesitated, flushed, blushed, laughed under her teeth, then hurriedly stepped out, paid the man his fare and passed swiftly into the huge block of flats.

Ronnie Osburn opened his door before she reached the landing, waited, took her chill hand, led her in and shut the door behind him. He was wise enough to attempt no caress. "Sit there," he said, as he drew her into his drawing room. "It's my favorite. I've always longed to see you in it. I heard your cab. I've been at that window there for an hour or more." He laughed nervously and picked up a half bottle of champagne.

"Not for me, Ronnie," she said, quickly. "You're cold. The car will be here in ten minutes. You've dined?"

She shook her head. Osburn went into the dining room and returned with a silver biscuit box. She watched him very closely without seeming to, watched him as though weighing him.

"The cottage should be looking lovely by now," he observed, breaking an uncomfortable silence. "It will be too dark to see much, but in the morning!"

The champagne hissed and fizzed as he drew out the cork. Watching him she blushed and momentarily closed her eyes.

"I hope you've not caught a chill," he said, bringing her a foaming glass.

She shook her head as she took it and glanced involuntarily at the clock. The curtains would be up. The first night that Tristram had feared and anxiously awaited had begun. She would read the accounts in the morning, and again she shivered—shuddered—because the next morning was to be different from any other morning; she herself was to be different; all her world would be different.

In the morning all would be irrevocable. He had been staring at her as she sipped, frowning, obviously irritated. He had put a brake upon himself. He expected credit for his treatment of her and consideration. She looked more aloof, more chastely cold than ever. No

wonder Tristram had taken up with Evelyn Elliot, "The Meteor's" leading lady. No wonder they didn't hit it off. She had fascinated Ronnie. She no longer, it seemed, thought it necessary to do so.

Ronnie went to the window. His two-seater car stood below in the charge of a garage attendant.

"The car's late," he said, turning back. "Leonie, are you feeling ill?"

"I'm feeling just as any woman would feel, I think. I feel wretched."

"It's a poor compliment to me."

"Did you expect me to feel light-hearted? It's nothing to you—it's very little to any man. I'm burning my boats. I'm crossing the Rubicon. I'm done."

"You're not coming away without consideration."

"Oh, yes, I've thought," she said, listlessly, and impudently stood up. "Ronnie, I'm going to be—an outsider, an outcast—nothing at all—after to-night. I'm going to lose all my friends!"

He came close to her very swiftly and wound his arms around her.

"We shall be together—that's all that matters," he said.

She stood, listless, in his arms, staring down, her lips trembling. She was already repenting. She knew it and feared the knowledge terribly. He was already different. She was his. He was less scrupulously careful of her feelings. He was giving rein to emotions hitherto checked. There was a coarse touch in his hands that had always been so reverent. She was no longer the unattainable, fragile—but the attainable—frail.

He read her thoughts and cried: "I hear the car. Come. Let us go down. It will be a lovely drive, Leonie. There's a moon and the view from Hindhead!"

He stopped. She was shaking her head.

"You'll think me mad. I'm treating you vilely. Ronnie, my heart's failed me. I'm—going home."

The decision was so sudden that he was momentarily dumfounded. The garage attendant lit a cigarette and whistled the air of a popular song. Ten minutes later Ronnie Osburn and Leonie came down. The man looked at the beautiful woman curiously.

"Not to the theatre—straight home," he heard her say.

Ronnie stepped into the little enclosed two-seater and started the engine. She entered and sat beside him in silence till the car had gathered speed.

"You'll be glad—too—soon. You won't regret—you'll see I'm right," she said. "You're angry. Oh, yes, you're every night. I've been mad. But you'll understand. Don't blame me too much. Try to see things as I'm seeing them. Life's made me grow so bitter!"

"Because Tristram's treated you with contempt. He's for ever with Evelyn Elliot. Is he to enjoy life and you to mope at Oldfield Terrace?"

"We thrashed it out—all of it—upstairs," she said, wearily. "Don't go on—please."

The streets were fairly empty, for the theatre crowds were not yet released. At the Circus she touched her arm.

"Straight across! Why have you turned?"

"I chose to," he answered, staring straight ahead down Piccadilly. "We're going for a run—we two. Tristram won't be home till 2 or

later. He is supping with Miss Elliot!"

"They are all supping at Evans—together," she said. "I was asked."

He laughed and said: "Tristram won't miss you."

"Turn up Park Lane," she said. "I'm tired—tired out."

Once, anger driving out fear, she stood up, but he put his left hand around her, dragging her down, and the car swerved horribly.

"No one will hear you if you scream," he said, "and you'll only wreck the car if you struggle. See, that was a close shave!"

A motor mail van thundered past within inches. He laughed, and as she sank back wound his arm more tightly round her, his fingers deep in her flesh.

"We're going to the cottage. It is waiting. Did you think I meant to give you up so easily?"

They shot across Putney Bridge and roared up the hill toward the Portsmouth Road. She had not stirred, but her thoughts were seething. It was useless to appeal to him. He was deaf to appeal. Worse than that her defenselessness, the knowledge that she was in his power had kindled a fire entreaty could but feed.

Across the Common they whirled, the light car leaping, the nearer objects a golden streak beneath the headlights.

And then, very suddenly, how she knew not, for her eyes were closed, there came a sudden, terrific impact. The bonnet of the car rose. Ronnie Osburn shot from his seat, dragging her with him.

She lay on the floor, huddled in the narrow space, when she opened her eyes. There was a great weight upon her. She heard voices.

"Lift him down on the road."

She lay still. The weight—Osburn's weight she realized—was removed. A young girl bent over her.

"Are you much hurt? Your husband was thrown against the wind-screen. He was on the wrong side of the road, you know!"

"Never mind that now!" cried an angry voice. "He's stunned."

A little man put the girl aside as Leonie struggled, white-lipped and faint, first to her feet, and then sank back on the cushioned seat.

"Are ye hurt? I'm a doctor. You were flung against the devil who drove ye. Lucky for you or you'd have made a hole in your front glass. Not hurt? No? Then sit quiet where you are."

He bustled back to Ronnie Osburn, then hurried to his car—a heavy one—and examined it.

"I'll run him down to the hospital. Transfer, ma'am," he cried. "The sooner we can give him something beyond first aid the better. Hi!"

He waved his arms violently. A passing empty taxicab drew up, skidding under brakes. "Help me up with this man!" cried the doctor.

There and then Leonie made up her mind. She stepped down on to the road and waved over to the taxicab. The driver helped to lift Ronnie into the back of the doctor's car.

"I will follow," said Leonie, putting her head out of the cab window.

But as the doctor's car swung round the corner into Osburn Road, where the hospital stands, she leaned out and said:

"Drive on—straight on—to Piccadilly Circus."

The little green leather jewel case, with its

betraying initials, never forgotten, rested on her knees as the cab whirled on. At the Circus she gave new directions. He was to drive her to Miller street, which is at the corner of Oldfield Terrace. She walked the few hundred yards to number 10, jewel case in hand, and noiselessly let herself in.

The maids had long since gone to bed. On tiptoe she mounted the stairs and opened her bedroom door. All was as she had left it. On the mantelpiece was her letter to Tristram. She opened his dressing-room door. It was empty. Swiftly she burned the note in the grate, swiftly undressed in the darkness and crept into bed.

With staring, aching eyes she lay on her back, every nerve tingling and prickling, every muscle aching, every thought a torture, each memory an agony, too distraught to feel thankful.

The long minutes passed. The radium-dialled clock beside her shone ghastly. It was eleven. She would probably have three hours before Tristram's return.

Gradually she grew calmer and her thoughts jostled less incoherently. She could concentrate. She was safe. Ronnie Osburn, for his own sake, would trouble her no more. To expose her—if he were so minded, and that was highly unlikely—meant to expose himself. No one knew of her wickedness. She need tell Tristram only that she started off for the Galaxy, felt unwell, visited a friend, and then came back to bed. Besides, he would not inquire. He never inquired, as she did not ask—though she longed to—where his time was spent.

Her secret was for ever her own.

It was nearly two o'clock when Tristram came home. She heard the jar of the closing front door and braced herself. She heard him coming upstairs. She heard him open his dressing-room door. She thought of the many other nights on which she had lain awake and heard the same sounds, had heard him, had pretended to be asleep when he entered. But to-night she lay wide-eyed and smiled as he opened the communicating door.

"I've a bad headache," she said—it was true. "Was it a success, Tristram?"

"It was," he said, "a huge success. It was," he added, "Dead Sea fruit."

He came suddenly to her bed and sat down on the foot of it in the semi-darkness of the moonlit room.

"I've done with it all. I'll never write another play. I'm sick of it—sick of it all—and the people. It's all sham. It's all hateful. I'm going to stick to engineering. That's real. Something done. This is—tosh."

He spoke vehemently, though very low, and ground his hands together.

"It's been doing for me—all the artificiality, the late nights—the rot of it all. It's unsettled me. It's made me discontented, restless. I've done with it. For a year I—I scarcely seem to have seen you, Leonie!"

"That's true," she said very quietly.

"I've been fooling round, piffing, wasting my life. I've been led by the nose. Leonie, you're not a jealous woman. Sometimes I wish you had been. Sometimes I wish you'd given me the tip!"

"It wouldn't have been any good," she said.

He was silent a moment. "No. You're right. It wouldn't have been any good. I was too rotten. She's fascinating—Evelyn—you know

who I mean. She turned my head. I've been—I've been such a dashed fool. I didn't know how far things had gone till to-night. We all went to her after supper. We were all excited. The reception of the play was magnificent. She did splendidly. She made it. The others seemed to drift away. We were alone. I kissed her."

He sat there, his head bent, his hands clenched between his knees.

"Praps I'm a fool to tell you. Most men keep such things dark even though they're ashamed. I can't do that. I'm chucking it all. It's all over. It was only a kiss—a fool's kiss, but it—it made me see how rank I've become. A year ago I'd have— He laughed harshly. "Everything was different a year ago. We weren't strangers. Those damned footlights hadn't come between us. Leonie, you lie there holding me pretty cheap, I know. You're realizing what a wicked fool you've married—what a weak fool!"

He stood up and walked up and down the room.

"We've made a mess of things, Leonie—at least I've made a mucker of them for us both. We were fast pals once—pals and lovers. God knows what we are now!"

He lit a cigarette and switched on the electric light, taking a packet of letters from his pocket.

"I heard from Bob yesterday. He's got a big contract in Auburn. I laughed at his suggestion last night. I go to Alberta! He offers me a good post. I shall go, Leonie!"

The sound of tires under brakes made him go to the window. A taxicab drew up. It was empty. The driver stared up at the lit windows and made a signal.

"Somebody wants me," he said. "Half-past two! That's theatrical people all over!"

He disappeared. Leonie lay very still, then, as she heard his returning steps, leaped lightly out of bed and switched off the light. To her it seemed an age between his closing of the front door and the opening of hers.

"Tristram," she called, as he opened the door.

He came very slowly—so slowly that almost she repented—to her bedside.

She told him.

"It wasn't all my fault," she cried, raising herself on her elbow. "You married a little fool and left her so much alone. You made other friends—so many friends!"

"You've told me," he cried and suddenly laid one hand on hers. "You've told me. It's all that matters. You've told me! Leonie, your ring!"

She broke down, dragging her fingers from his and holding them before her face.

"He brought it back—just now—the taxi-driver. He happened to drop a fare at No. 14. He saw the light. He found it. He drove you—he told me—to Sanctuary Court—to Osburn, I knew. And every step coming upstairs, I wondered. Will she tell me? Will she confess—too? Are we to start afresh—all told? And if she doesn't tell me?" He shivered.

"But you have—you have, Leonie."

"Let me put your ring back. Let us start again. Let us start a new honeymoon—and try to forget."

The cold gold ring slid back on to her finger. His arms wrapped round her.

None too soon the Brakes of Fate had been applied.

## LADIES' HAT FREE 3 DAYS ONLY Friday, Saturday, Monday



Starting Friday we will give absolutely Free, your choice of any Ladies' Hat in stock with a purchase of any Ladies' Suit. Our Suit Stock now consists of 300 of the newest styles, cloths, pattern weaves, fur trimmed, etc. Prices range from

**\$14.75, \$18.50, \$22.50,  
\$25.00, to \$30.00**

**Use Your Credit and Buy Now**

### New Fall Coats

Arriving Daily.

Our Coat Stock is one of the largest of its kind in the city, consisting of Plush, Velour, Broadcloth, etc.

**\$12.50, \$14.50, \$18.50, \$22.50, \$25 to \$45**

### Dresses

Serge Dresses that are the rage of the season, in 50 different styles, \$9.50 to \$29.50.

**GATELYS**  
321 S. MICHIGAN ST.

Open  
or  
Charge  
Account

Your  
Credit  
Is  
Good

## Get Your Money's Worth



**CLIMAX AND RED-D-CUT**

brands of Macaroni and Spaghetti  
are of the highest quality—

**ALL MACHINE-MADE, DRIED  
AND PACKED**

12 ounces to the package, which sells for 12 cents. Don't be satisfied with a 9-ounce package.

THE PFAFFMANN EGG NOODLE CO.

**Right Now** is when  
you should eat the most appetizing and  
satisfying of all Foods.



**KRE-MO**

Sterilized

**RICE**

Ask Your Grocer



**DR. J. BURKE & CO.**  
Specialists in Fitting Eyeglasses.  
230 S. Mich. St.—Home Phone 2091

**NORTHERN INDIANA  
ABSTRACT COMPANY**  
Ready for Business.  
815 Farmers Trust Bldg.  
Speed and sureness in abstracts.

**ADLER BROS.**  
On Michigan at Washington  
Since 1884.  
THE STORE FOR MEN AND  
BOYS.

Always at Your Service  
**New Process Laundry**  
CLEANING & DYEING  
231 E. Tenth St.  
Bell 1096. Home 2016

## KODAK FINISHING

We give the best service  
consistent with Good Results

Your films will get the  
careful attention of an ex-  
pert if you bring them here.

A complete Drug line.

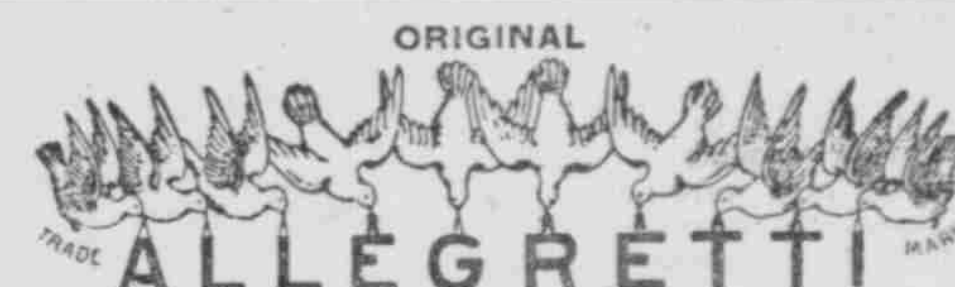
**Hans Drug Store**

123 W. Jefferson Blvd.  
Opposite Post Office.

## The Farmers Securities Co.

The Farmers' Securities Company offers the wage earner a plan of savings that pays 4% interest while saving and 6% interest for a year following.

Call and investigate the newest and best savings plan. 353-259 Farmers Trust Building.



Famous CHOCOLATE CREAMS

Fresh every week.

Exclusive South Bend Agents,  
**AMERICAN DRUG CO., 133 N. Main St.**  
Open from 7 to 12 daily. Phones: Bell 172; Home 5139  
All kinds of Kodak Supplies.

## PUBLIC DRUG STORE

STRIEBEL & STEINEL PROPS. 124 NORTH MICH. ST.  
SOUTH BEND'S GREATEST CUT RATE DRUG STORE

**W. J. NEIDHART**  
114 E. Jefferson Blvd.  
PICTURE FRAMING AND  
REPAIRING.  
Wall Papering and Painting.

For New Shoes and  
Shoe News Watch Our  
Windows.  
**WALK-OVER BOOT  
SHOP.**

Flowering Bulbs from Holland.  
Largest assortment ever in  
the city. See  
**Wesley Miller Flour &  
Feed Co.**

Art Materials. Picture Framing  
**THE I. W. LOWER  
DECORATING COMPANY**  
South Bend, Indiana  
Wall Paper  
Drapery Paint Supplies

**Producers Union Milk**  
comes to you only after  
it's  
Pasteurized and Clarified

**H. LEMONTREE**  
Sole Bend's Leading Optician  
Mastering Optical  
815 S. MICH. ST.

**The Ries Co.**  
Sole Bend's Home Furnishers  
302-303-304  
S. MICH. ST.

**PATENT'S**  
And Trade Marks Obtained in all  
Countries. Advice Free. GEO. J.  
OLFSCH, Registered Patent Att.  
711-112 Studebaker Bldg. South  
Bend, Ind.

Read NEWS-TIMES Want Ads.